

# THE HONOR of the TENTH

By Eileen Morelia  
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The honor of the Tenth had been smirched. The rank and file growled it out in barracks, the officers whistled it to each other, and as the colored sat on the veranda of his bungalow and admitted it to himself he laid much of the blame on his own shoulders.

The robber bands of India, known as dacoits, had been busy around Aliwal, and squads of British cavalry were being sent out every few days to destroy them. Your true dacoit is not only a robber, but a fighter as well. He robs his own race whenever opportunity offers and fights the British whenever and wherever he meets them. He is a good shot, a brave foe, and there are good reasons for him to be in the honor and promotion to be had in wiping him off the face of the earth. Young Danforth had lately joined the Tenth. He had family and political influence and a fortune behind him, and he had a personality which made friends. There could be no greater privilege than to be sent out at the head of a detachment to give the dacoits a whirl. When the time came that the colonel could do young Danforth this favor, he had a long and quiet talk with him. He posted him as to the characteristics and tactics of the foe and warned him of the pitfalls that even veteran officers might fall into. He was to find the enemy and destroy him, but he was cautioned against impetuosity and useless sacrifice of men. This expedition was to be the young officer's "try out." He had never been under fire, and he could not claim full kinship with the regiment until he had.

They gave young Danforth a British sergeant and corporal and thirty-eight Sikh troopers. Under an officer in whom he has confidence there is no better soldier than the Sikh. His only weak point is that he must have his foe in front of him. Danforth had the luck to strike a band of robbers within twenty miles of the post. They had captured a village and were pillaging. It was testified to by a dozen Sikhs that he was as cool as an old veteran. He sent scouts forward to ascertain the strength of the enemy and the lay of the land, and at the head of his forty men he charged into the village and routed out the band of 150. He lost two men and killed a dozen, and it was a little affair to be proud of. He held his men well in hand and was on the watch for trickery, and had all the troopers been Europeans all would have gone well. As the robbers retreated over broken ground men were flung off from either flank to create an ambush. They were few in number and only half hearted, but as they opened fire the Sikhs bolted. There were confusion and a rout and the pursuers became in turn the pursued. When the flight ended, the sergeant and corporal were missing.

A court martial was demanded by young Danforth. No sooner had the detachment returned than the remnant of the Sikhs began to whisper about incompetency and cowardice. They praised the officer for his fight at the village, but they declared that his cowardice when he found himself in a tight place had brought about disaster. His defense was straightforward and clear. There was not an officer who doubted one of his statements, and he was honorably acquitted of the charge; but a stain had been left behind. It was felt by men and officers that to be even suspected of cowardice was a smirch on the name of the regiment. It was agreed that the Sikhs had lied to excuse their own cowardice, and there was the verdict of the court martial, yet the cloud was not dissipated.

Young Danforth could not fail to notice the change in the attitude of his brother officers. They did not cut him, but they had to make an effort to be friendly. Pretty soon hints were thrown out that it would be well for him to transfer or leave the service. Then he went to the colonel and said:

"I was charged with cowardice by the Sikhs. Had my sergeant and corporal lived to come back with me I could have had witnesses to prove to the contrary. The court martial took my word, however, and I was honorably acquitted. I realize that I am tainted. There are hints that I ought to transfer or resign. With your permission I shall remain right here and hope for something to happen."

"I believe that the Sikhs perjured themselves," quietly replied the colonel, "and perhaps it will be the wisest thing you can do to stay on."

The words were kind and fair, but no grip of the hand accompanied them. In his heart of hearts the colonel had hoped the subaltern would go away, though at the same time he realized that only an innocent man would have cared to remain. Young Danforth led no more expeditions, and months rolled away before anything happened to put his case in a more favorable light. Then a number of dacoits were captured. Among them were two or three who had fought him that day. They boasted of how they had driven his Sikhs; they praised the courage he had exhibited in seeking to rally them. There was an increase of cordiality after that, but the subaltern gave no sign that he noticed it or was pleased over it.

A few months later there arrived a party of civil officials and their wives who were on a junket. They had several elephants with them, for tiger hunting, and within twenty miles of the post was the game they were after. Young Danforth was one of the three

officers detailed to arrange and manage the hunt. With the civil commissioner of Nepal and his wife was Lady Clifton, and the two ladies were by no means novices in the sport of tiger hunting. When the hunt had been fairly entered upon, they occupied a howdah on the back of a big elephant together and would not admit any one else. A tiger had been driven by the beaters into a swamp a mile long by half a mile broad, and into this spot, grown up to reeds and bushes until the eyes could scarcely penetrate, crashed the elephants and horses. The idea was to drive the tiger out upon clearer ground to the west, where he could be reached, and everybody made as much noise as possible. He was a crafty beast, and for two hours he refused to break cover.

The elephant on which the two ladies were mounted had taken the lead and been steady enough, but after awhile something rattled him, and he bolted across the swamp toward the trees. His mahout used every exertion to stop or turn him, but the old fellow was in a panic. To the surprise of everybody, the tiger followed at his heels, though in a furtive way, as if bent only on escape. With the elephant making a mad rush for a low branch tree that he might get rid of the burden on his back Lady Clifton took swift aim at the tiger and wounded him. The wound provoked his anger, and he sprang forward on the elephant's rear just as the tree was reached and the branches swept the howdah and the ground. A second later and the two ladies lay on the earth among the fragments, both stunned by the fall, and the tiger stood with his paws upon the body of Lady Clifton and growled and snarled at the dozen spectators.

Fortune had given young Danforth his opportunity. As a sort of terror held everybody else helpless, he flung himself from his horse, grabbed a bog spear from the hand of a chattering native and advanced upon the beast. He had to cover sixty feet of clear ground, and those who looked on said that the tiger's eyes blazed fire and every hair on his back stood up as the officer walked steadily forward. A dozen voices called to him to look out, but he made no halt. As he drew nearer the beast crouched for a spring, and when he was within ten feet the spring was made. Down went the man on his knees and up went the spear, and when the onlookers glanced again the man was on his feet and unhurt and the tiger was rolling over and over on the earth with the point of the spear sticking out of his back.

The ladies had not been seriously hurt, but at least one of them had been saved from the tiger's maw. Young Danforth was the hero of the hour. Every officer in the regiment took him by the hand and offered congratulations, and his colonel patted him on the shoulder and said:

"My dear boy, it was the coolest, bravest thing I ever heard of, and it makes us all proud of you."

"But the Sikhs swore that as a leader I got rattled and lost my head," replied the officer. "I was honorably acquitted, but I have been made to feel that I smirched the honor of the Tenth. Until I can wipe that out I am an out-cast."

The civil commissioner wanted to show his gratitude, and Lady Clifton had influence she wanted to bring to bear, but the subaltern remained the subaltern. He was biding his time, and he had not long to wait. The dacoits came down from the hills again, and he was given the chance he so longed for. This time his fifty troopers were all Englishmen, and he not only attacked Mooltan, the greatest robber chieftain of them all, in a chosen position, but routed his force and captured the leader. That would have been a deed to boast of, but the subaltern was not satisfied. Leaving part of his force to hold the position and the prisoners, he pressed on into the foothills with the remainder and attacked and captured a camp and brought off the sergeant and corporal who had been made prisoners in the first affair. There was a second court martial at Aliwal on the return of the troop, and when the sergeant and corporal had proved that the Sikhs were liars and cowards the old Tenth held a jubilee and declared that its honor was never so bright. At the dinner they toasted "our comrade and hero."

## Scared the Papuans.

There is no opening for a dentist in New Guinea. The Papuan can sever the wirelike rattan creepers which entangle him in the forest at one bite and sharpen his teeth on the dirty sugar cane sticks which he is constantly chewing. In "A Collector's Rambles" Mr. Sherman F. Denton relates an amusing incident which attended a display of Yankee dental achievement.

The natives had been going through some very clever tricks for our amusement, but we in turn were unable to astonish them by anything we could do until my companion, Shelley, told them he could take his teeth out and put them back again. "No," they said, "you cannot do that, for that is impossible." In reply Shelley tapped his teeth with his nail to show his audience that they were teeth, and then, extracting the plate on which he had two or three artificial ones, he opened his mouth, showing the gap where they had been.

The Papuans waited to see no more, but all started for the small door at once. In their haste to get out they struck, and I feared for a few moments they would tear the house down. Those who were unable to get out at once howled in their fright and created a great uproar, and in spite of our telling them that we were only in fun, they could not be persuaded to come back again for a long time, and then they came only under the promise that we would never do that again.

## DAINTY GOWNS.

Increasing Fullness of Waists and Skirts a Feature.

Great fullness with horizontal trimmings in both waists and skirts is one of the newest features of dress.

A dainty dancing gown of white mull spotted in black seen lately had a gauged waist falling off the shoulders, disclosing a berth of black lace over white chiffon edged with black tulle ruching. Across the waist and intersecting the skirt in three places this wavy banding of lace occurred. The sleeves were mere puffs of mull and chiffon, ending at the elbow. There was a broad girde of black chiffon veils, and the skirt hung in full folds both back and front.

Another evening gown which possessed chic had its waist composed of a bolero of lace, with lace caps from which escaped three ruffles which form-



BRIDESMAID'S FROCK.

ed the sleeves. The skirt had a slightly fluted upper part, reaching about as far as a hip yoke, and the rest was all ruffles graduated in width.

Motifs of lace, laid on gold colored satin and surrounded with scrolls of very narrow gold cord or braid, make an uncommon trimming for cream or ivory cloth, and a collar of mink or skunk, intermixed with old lace, looks charming on a white wrap.

The picture shows a bridesmaid's frock made of chiffon voile. The fichu and wide sleeve ruffles go well with the picture hat.

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